# POETRY, PROSE AND A BAD CASE OF SPRING FEVER

## Dan Favors Amnesty for Writers During Sleepy Season---Thinks Literary World Would Benefit, as There Would Be Less of It

By DAN CAREY.

A SPRING PRAYER.

Give us the serum for sleeping sickness;
  Remove the hookworm from our foot;
Make us forget the young trout's quickness,
  Let our thoughts once more "stay put."

Take away the fields of flowers;
  Stop the budding of the trees;
Work us not these lazy hours;
  Quell the humming of the bees.

Give us back some winter weather;
  Gnash the iceman's teeth with rage;
Then we can get our thoughts together;
  Maybe we can write this page.

Note:—The metre is subject to criticism, but we have not the energy to improve it.

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THERE ought to be a general amnesty declared for all who earn a living by writing during that period of the year when Summer lays out Winter on his Spring bock bier and send flowers. It is the season when they open the windows of the school rooms and then punish the children for looking out of them and when careful mothers serve regular doses of sulphur and sassafras tea. If men who write, or who try to, could just quit during the spring season what a wonderful thing it would be for the literature of the world! There would be so much less of it. Of course we should make it plain that in this new scheme we are proposing it is not the intention to include a moratorium for newspaper owners.

At present they have formed the terrible habit of not paying for stuff unless it appears in the paper. The idea is all wrong. There should be inaugurated a system of pay for the desire to work. Then a newspaper man could go into the office of an editor and say:

"I desire to write a column of stuff."

"But we have no room for it," replies the editor meekly.

"Am I responsible for the size of the paper?" asks the newspaper man, tapping impatiently upon the floor with his cane.

"Certainly not," hurriedly answers the editor, "but perhaps this is a rotten column you wish to write."

"Not at all," answers the imperious visitor. "I desire to write a column of good stuff."

"In that event," admits the editor, "since you really have the desire and we have not room to print it, the fault is clearly ours, and you are entitled to your pay."

Of course we know we are stealing Trotzky's stuff when we advance this theory, but new ideas are very scarce.

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BUT whatever else you may think of Dr. Einstein you must admit that his theory of relativity has the ring of truth in it. Everything in the world is relative. Take the stuff the columnists are turning out, for instance. Compare the work of such men as Don Marquis and Cris Morley and F. P. A. with—but why compare? This can result in no good for us. We had better drop the subject. It reminds us of the story of the field hand who told the farmer he would have to "knock off" ploughing for the afternoon because he had to preach a sermon at a protracted meeting.

"What do they pay you for preaching, Uncle George?" asked the farmer.

"Ah gets er dollar er sermon," answered the darkey.

"Why, Uncle George, that's mighty poor pay for a preacher," said his employer.

"Yes, sur; Ah reckon dat's so," replied Uncle George, scratching his forehead, "but den yo' see it's mighty poor preachin' for er dollar, too."

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WE saw recently that Dr. Einstein had advanced a theory that perhaps the entire universe went sometimes through periods of suspended animation lasting a thousand years or more. Well, you remember the story of the Sleeping Beauty? Dr. Einstein ought to read it. We have always thought that sleep of the beautiful Princess was superinduced by an attack of spring fever.

There we are again. We can't get this sleep idea out of our mind. Over in Arkansas a man has been asleep in a hospital for two years. We have always heard Arkansas was a good place for sleeping.

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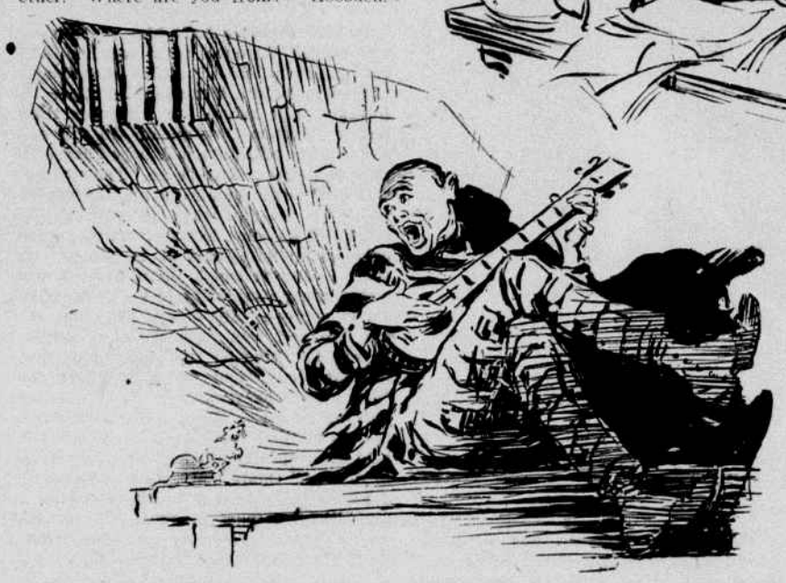
WHY laugh at Arkansas? Out in the West the name Arkansas gets a hearty laugh just like Hoboken does here. It is one of the accepted forms of humor. A comedian in a play asks another. "Where are you from?" "Hoboken."



"In the rear of the jail was the negro, playing a banjo and singing as gayly as a lark."

replies the second comedian, and the audience roars with mirth. It's the same way in the West about Arkansas. Some years ago we were in Texas, the southwestern part of the State, where it is so dry that they have dust storms. We ran across an Alabama negro at the livery stable and remarked to him that it looked like rain.

"Cap'n, don't pay no 'tention to dat cloud," he replied. "It ain't rained here in two years. Dey's bullfrogs plumb grown 'round here dat ain't never learned to swim. Why, Cap'n, sur," he continued, "when it rains here dey sends de chilluns out to play in it des like we does wid snow back home."

Anyhow, there was a cadaverous, freckle faced girl who waited on the table in the restaurant of the hotel that sheltered us.

"How'll you have your steak?" she asked one morning.

In Texas they ask you how you want your steak cooked, just like they ask you down South how you like your eggs, or as they inquire about your potatoes up here in the North.

"What do you mean?" we inquired.

"High done or low done?" she snapped back.

We told her we preferred our steak high done, and then for the purpose of ascertaining whence came such an expression we asked:

"Where are you from?"

She planted both feet squarely on the floor, rested the back of her hand on her left hip, slouched a little toward us and her lip curled, while her eyes took on a steady gleam.

"Arkansas," she replied, slowly and threateningly; "now laugh."

We didn't laugh. The moment was inopportune.

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BUT we were speaking of relativity. Things which to some appear as truth to others are utterly fallacious because these others retain in their memory cells impressions of happenings which are submerged in their subconsciousnesses and which are drawn forth upon opportune occasions to assist these others in viewing with equanimity occurrences which would otherwise disturb them, if you know what we mean. For instance:

On one occasion in western North Carolina the sheriff of one of the mountain counties came across a man at noonday lying on his back in the dusty road with the sun streaming down in his face. He was sleeping. It was probably springtime.

"I will arrest this man," declared the sheriff to his friends. "He is drunk and he is the first really drunken man I have ever seen in this county."

One of the party spoke up.

"Don't arrest him, sheriff," he pleaded. "He ain't drunk. I just seen his finger move."

Relativity, that's all.

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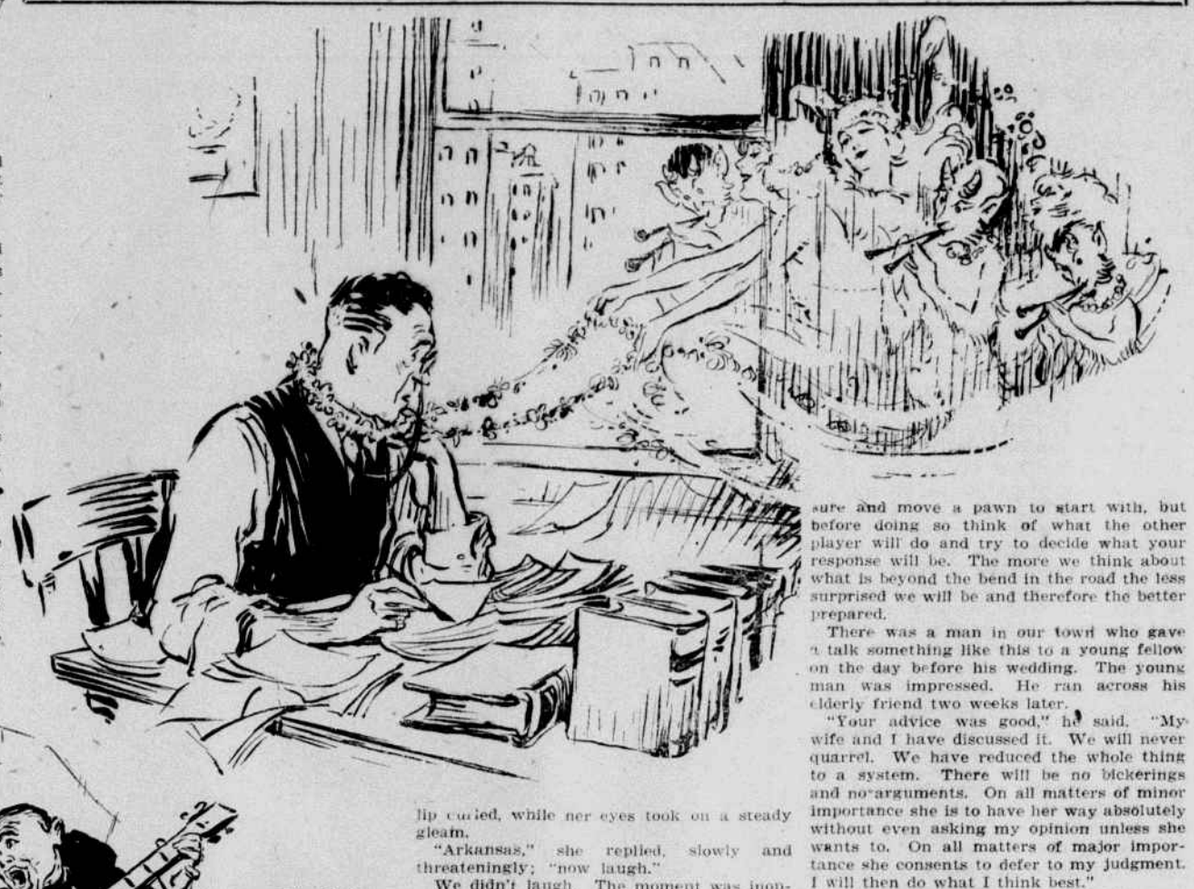
MAYBE with the coming of spring the weddings will catch up with the divorces. Let's hope so, anyway. Now, if these young June brides and bridegrooms will just start out right they will avoid a lot of trouble. Some man once coined a phrase about "never crossing a bridge until you get to it." It sounds well, but the idea is wrong. The way to play the game of life is to treat it like a chess game. Be sure and move a pawn to start with, but before doing so think of what the other player will do and try to decide what your response will be. The more we think about what is beyond the bend in the road the less surprised we will be and therefore the better prepared.

"If men who write, or try to, could just quit during the Spring season."



There was a man in our town who gave a talk something like this to a young fellow on the day before his wedding. The young man was impressed. He ran across his elderly friend two weeks later.

"Your advice was good," he said. "My wife and I have discussed it. We will never quarrel. We have reduced the whole thing to a system. There will be no bickerings and no arguments. On all matters of minor importance she is to have her way absolutely without even asking my opinion unless she wants to. On all matters of major importance she consents to defer to my judgment. I will then do what I think best."

A little more than a year later they met again.

"How did that agreement with your wife terminate?" asked the older man.

"It has not terminated," replied the younger. "We are getting along beautifully under it. But, say, do you know that no matters of major importance have yet arisen!"

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NOW that the time for spring ploughing is here and the old question of where to get farm labor is beginning to wake up from its winter hibernation and peep about, our mind goes back to the Georgia farmer and his peonage difficulties. Peonage is a word that has a horrible sound. In its essence it means compelling men to work whether they want to or not. That is what we are doing to ourselves on this beautiful spring day. Temporarily we are a peon.

We are reminded of a story that was told several years ago on one of the planters near Elberton, Ga. This man had a large peach orchard, and, as usual, when the time came to pick and pack the yield he had great difficulty in securing hands for the job. One day in Elberton he visited the jail.

"Cap'n," said one of the negroes to him in a most appealing voice, "ef yo' all will des take me away from here Ah'll be de bes' hand on yo' place. Yessur, Ah done been here two months now, and hit des look lak Ah can't stan' it no longer."

Inquiry developed that the negro was only charged with burglary and that court would not meet for another thirty days, so the planter agreed to make bond and take the man to his orchard. The following Saturday, immediately after receiving his pay, the negro asked for permission to visit Elberton for the week end.

"All right," was the answer, "but be here by sun-up on Monday morning."

Monday morning came, but it brought no negro. At 11 o'clock the planter drove to the jail to pay his debt.

"That nigger didn't show up to-day," he said. "I let him off Saturday and he did not come back. How much do I owe you?"

"Come here, I want to show you something," answered the jailer.

In the rear of the jail was the negro playing a banjo and singing as gayly as a lark.

"He came in Saturday night," the jailer continued, "and said: 'Cap'n, please sur, gimme back mah room and mah banjo. Dat man's erbout to work me to death.'"

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ALLEN J. KREBS, a native Mississippian, who now lives in Atlanta, has a story he likes to tell about an old negro friend who came to him one day when he lived in Mississippi and asked for a loan that would enable him to go into business.

"Ah been workin' fur somebody else all mah life," he said, "an' Ah wants to go out an' be mah own boss des once."

"Well, Uncle Billy," replied Mr. Krebs, "I think that is a laudable ambition, and I am going to help you. I am glad to see you darkies doing something for yourselves. What are you thinking of doing?"

"Well, sur," said the old man, brightening considerably, "Ah fin's Ah kin buy wood cross de ribber at a dollar er cord. All Ah has to do is to lighter it across and sell it right here in dis here town."

As wood was selling for $5 a cord in Natchez, Mr. Krebs thought favorably of the venture and let Uncle Billy have $300 to start the business.

A month later Mr. Krebs went down to the river front, and there was Uncle Billy just arriving with a lot of splendid looking wood.

"How are you getting along, Uncle Billy?" asked Mr. Krebs.

"Des fine, des fine, Cap'n," he replied.

"What are you getting for wood like that now"?

"Ah gits a dollar er cord," answered the old man.

"Why, you idiot," said Mr. Krebs, "don't you know you can't pay a dollar a cord for wood, bring it across the river and sell it at a profit for a dollar a cord"?

"Lawd, Cap'n Krebs," responded Uncle Billy, engaging in one of those bewitching smiles that characterize the race, "Ah ain't lookin' for no profit. Ah'm des lookin' fur business."

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IT'S mighty difficult to prove anything. There was the case of Skinny Paxton, which happened down in our town.

Skinny, whose real name is William H., is the assistant general freight agent of the Southern Railway, with headquarters in Atlanta. He used to live over on Carnegie Way, so called because it ran by the Carnegie Library. Somebody had built a block of houses just like these in the North, all just exactly alike, and in one of these houses lived Mr. Paxton's landlady and her husband. Now, the lady was one of the delightful housekeepers who abhor houses that remain the same month after month. She liked to move the furniture about after each housecleaning day.

One night Skinny went home after the theatre. He looked at the houses several times and counted the number on the block before he was sure where he lived. Then he let himself in with his pass key and attempted to hang his hat on the hatrack. The hat fell to the floor. He started across the room, carefully walking around the place where he knew the Morris chair to be, and knocked over the goldfish bowl, which was where it shouldn't have been. He was disconcerted by this time and attempted to rest his arm on the centre table, but his elbow sank into the wet earth of a potted palm.

About that time the landlady's husband appeared with a pistol in one hand and a flashlight in the other.

"Who's there?" he said ominously.

Skinny threw both hands high over his head.

"W. H. Paxton," he answered quickly, "in the wrong house by mistake."

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### Our Own Book Review.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE, by Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774. Archibald Symmes & Co., Ltd., Brighton.

THIS rather diverting poem is an account of how young Oliver Goldsmith totally depopulated the town of Auburn in England by attempting to read to them his manuscripts before he sent them to the printer. He had also, it seems, done considerable travelling, and he wanted to gather the villagers around him and tell them about himself. They simply would not stand for either the reading of his copy or the telling of his stories and absolutely left their homes and beat it for the city in order to protect themselves.

Young Goldsmith got awfully sore about what he considered to be a lack of appreciation of him and his works, and his poem, which he called "The Deserted Village," was the result. It is a melancholy affair from beginning to end. The incident evidently weighed on his mind, and he mentions it right at the beginning of his poem. He says he "still had hopes"

"Around my fire an evening group to draw
And tell of all I felt and all I saw."

You see, he was a clergyman's son, and himself had set out to gain some experiences which he found it impossible to have around the fireside of his father's home. He thought everybody in the place would be interested upon his return to hear what he had done, but he was soon undeceived. As the villagers left their homes and fled up the big road Mr. Goldsmith began to criticise them.

He sneeringly spoke of the village preacher and the pay he received for exhorting the people, saying of him:

"A man he was to all the country dear
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

We have always felt that Mr. Goldsmith should have left that line unwritten. No one likes to hear his pastor sneered at.

He was particularly severe upon the village schoolmaster. It seems that the school teacher was an argumentative kind of fellow, and of this phase of his character young Oliver writes:

"For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

It must be admitted, however, that he engages in some delicious sarcasm when he writes of the schoolmaster (maybe this appeals to us because we personally have never liked them):

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Mr. Goldsmith makes some very bitter remarks about those who saw him coming and left the town of Auburn. Particularly ugly is what he says about the girls. He clearly indicates that they made a big mistake in leaving the village and going to the city.

The most interesting thing in the entire poem is found in his rather cryptic verse in which he described the flight of the villagers. It is a verse that has been thundered by many spellbinders from many platforms, and it is always useful, because it can be used in any campaign from bailiff to President and by any speaker of any party. The joke about it is, however, that it was intended as a piece of rare humor by Mr. Goldsmith, and it was not written for serious political purposes at all.

He wrote:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes or lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Now analyze that for a minute. He writes that they "hasten," they are "a prey." In the third line princes and lords "may fade." Don't you see he is clearly indicating that the villagers are rapidly leaving Auburn. Then he speaks of "wealth accumulating." He means they have street car fare. Further on he says they are a "bold peasantry," meaning that they have been rude and impolite to him.

An interesting reference in the poem is to the war between England and Ireland, which was in its heyday about seventeen hundred and something. Mr. Goldsmith speaks of this in a noble stanza, which begins:

"A time there was, ere England's grief began."

Young Goldsmith evidently had such a bad attack of blues at the time he wrote this poem that it is not good for general reading, but some day when you are over exuberant, when you feel like pushing over the Woolworth building or jerking a pier out from under the Brooklyn Bridge, sit down and read it. It will calm you down.

# The Modern Pegasus Gives Artist a Wild Chase

By FRANK VREELAND.

KARL ANDERSON, a painter who has won several medals at exhibitions here recently, a short time ago had a model run away from him in Westport and had to chase the model all over the country with ropes and a posse before being able to paint again. The model happened to be a horse, which apparently became aware that he was going into art as a profession and decided to develop a temperament.

Anderson had the equine out in the field near his studio home at Westport and had prevailed on him to pose as Pegasus for a painting which was to be exhibited at one of the big galleries, the horse being more interested in a bag of oats than he was in the fact that he was to be immortalized at a big show. The artist strapped a pair of huge white wings, each wing spreading about fifteen feet, to the quadruped's shoulders and impressed on him that he was not to cross his front legs in an ungentlemanly manner. Then, while Anderson was splashing paint on the canvas and the animal was lounging quietly, suddenly the horse seemed to catch the idea about Pegasus and almost literally took wings.

He charged out of the lot and sought to follow the swallows over the horizon. His wings got jammed, but he ran like a hoydenish half ton bird. Anderson and a week end party of human models and friends streamed after Pegasus, yelling in a lusty fashion and wishing their legs had been made of sterner stuff. That horse must be caught if art was to go on.

For miles they pursued him along the roads—for more miles than artistic people ever knew by actual measurement to exist before. They met a farmer and asked him if he'd met a horse with wings. Not the least bit disconcerted by the query or the phenomenon, he answered: "Yep—up yander. Giddap!" So they chased Pegasus up yander, met more farmers, who said yes, they'd seen a horse with wings but hadn't thought nothin' of it, and scoured the country till it seemed as if a flying horse had alighted on every fence they passed. Such equines seemed to be getting as numerous as General Washington's headquarters in the Revolution. Nobody seemed to have any definite idea as they tore along just how they would catch him when they caught him, though some one suggested the time honored method of putting salt on his tail.

Pegasus solved that problem for them himself without extra charge. Just as they were about to give up the hunt and let art go hang they discovered their quarry standing in a field waiting for sympathy and lumps of sugar. One wing had been torn off in the flight from Olympus, and he was doing his best to eat the other.

He was quite passive and willing to be led back to the shackles of art, for he was tired of being the mythological celebrity of the countryside. A horse has to settle down some time.

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A PROMINENT college athlete recently disrupted one of the important teams of his university and sat down hard on his own athletic career by insisting on taking up a theatrical career for one night only when he was hardly in a condition to insist on the proper spelling of his own name. While enjoying a brief holiday in the city, away from the pursuit of at least sixty per cent. worth of knowledge, he was induced to become a super in a spectacular Oriental production, as he had the physique of a Rodin statue and the manager needed some Nubian slaves for the show who were built along the classic lines of piano movers. So, without the gentle hand of the professors to guide him, this athlete fell.

He came on at the opening performance, all bronzed up like the parlor lamp and carrying a spear and, as every one pointed out afterward, the opening night was a distinct success. But he neglected to go to the stage director after the performance to have his ready made coat of tan peeled off or to learn how to skin himself. He was in too great a hurry to be off and celebrate the rising of a new star in the drama—In fact, he didn't even pause to remove his costume, but clattered and glistened every time he poured a glassful down.

He awoke next morning on the sleeper en route to college and discovered to his horror that he couldn't wash off the deep stains of his stage career and that he was virtually living two thousand years ago. Nobody else at college, where he created a sensation, could restore him to his first incarnation immediately—not even the professors who were so glib at quoting "Out, out, damned spot." He simply had to remain in seclusion for several days until his dark past had worn off, and meanwhile he had to be erased off his team, the team had to be reorganized and he was told not to apply for reinstatement in athletics until he could be more certain of his complexion.

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SEVERAL financiers have discovered that when it comes to agriculture they are the original Rubes, and that they'd better not start any back to the soil movement for themselves without first having the soil analyzed and the character of the man who sold it to them put to the acid test. An important broker who had always shown great shrewdness in playing the market decided it was high time he built up the country by buying a farm in Westchester county and becoming one of those jolly "Men With the Hoe" that Edwin Markham has written about.

He stocked his farm with six cows and a bull which he had purchased from a neighboring farmer, and which he proudly displayed, to all those who didn't think he was crazy, as specimens of a new breed guaranteed to give milk that was almost pure cream and might readily be mistaken for condensed milk. The farmer, he said, had assured him on the word of a country gentleman that they were a new type of Jersey cow which came from an island only four miles square near the isles of Jersey and Guernsey—and the financier himself knew enough about boviculture to be aware that these islands lay off the coast of England and not off the coast of Hoboken.

He had, he was free to confess, obtained a great bargain in getting the only specimens on this side of the water, and he hoped the country would remember him for it. In fact, he became so excited about them that he finally brought out to his farm a representative of a noted farming journal with the aim of having him take pictures, interview the cows, and fall down and worship.

The journal representative took one look and then broke the news gently to the financier that his stock were a cross between a Herford and a Holstein—and not such a cross that any great future could be expected of them, even as milk stations. As cows, they made a pretty picture, but they were nothing to signal to Mars about.

"Gosh!" said the financier, smitten with awe. "Here I was always able to smell any fake scheme in Wall street, and I've been trimmed for $15,000 by a whiskered Rube!"

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A LAWYER well known about the Criminal Courts Building is distinguished not so much for his forensic ability as his power to extract fees from a client when seemingly a vacuum cleaner would fail. He will readily take any case, no matter how hopeless it may appear, on the chance that money may be somewhere in it, only waiting to be coaxed into the open.

In Special Sessions he defended a man for stealing neckties from a haberdasher, and won the case brilliantly because the defendant's brother recompensed the haberdasher for the loss of the ties. The accused, freed under suspended sentence, had no money to pay the lawyer, but he still had the neckties for a working capital. So he turned over the neckwear to the attorney, and the latter managed to earn the fee at last by the sweat of his brow, peddling the ties to court attendants at 50 cents apiece.

For a fee another client presented this counsel with the brace of ducks involved in the case. He accepted them cheerfully and made his fee by retailing them in the Criminal Courts basement, besides satisfying his natural instinct for driving a good bargain.

Though he takes such weird retainers, this lawyer is not so mercilessly grasping as the attorney who snatched the set of gold teeth out of an impoverished client's mouth and sold them to a dentist next door. That brisk character thereby achieved disbarment. His talents were at a discount outside of Russia.

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THERE is a screen comedian in one of Marcus Loew's Metro companies who lives in apprehension that an Italian will suddenly appear and demand his horse back from him and upon getting no satisfaction seek to improve matters by sticking the comedian with a knife. The actor was one of a party of film stars whom Loew took on a junket to one of his New York movie theatres for one of those personal appearances of his celluloid geniuses with which the film magnate frequently shows his patrons that everything about the picture is real, including the actors.

While the players, who included Bert Lytell, Grace Valentine, Rubye de Remer and a score of others, were being introduced to the audience by the press agent, Nils Granlund, in his most "granlund-iloquent" vein this comedian slipped outside the theatre, feeling particularly happy because of some mystic words that some one had just uttered to him, at the same time exhibiting the magic fluid that goes with the hip-hip-hooray ritual. Mingled with the crowd outside, which was being held back by the police lest they become frantic with joy at sight of the screen stars and tear the players limb from limb, was a prehistoric hand organ drawn by a horse which seemed, conservatively speaking, to date from the neolithic age.

From the Italian hurdy-gurdy impresario the comedian hired this animal, falling upon him with cries of joy like a brother. Meanwhile Granlund was still introducing stars inside like a ring master, the audience having shown no signs of rebellion. He was wound up something like this:

"Ladeez-gemmun, I will next introduce to you one of the most beautiful stars of the stage and screen. Look carefully at her, for you will behold a sight fit for the gods. Ladeez-gemmun, Rubye de Remer!"

And out came lovely Miss de Remer, mounted on a white charger that looked like an animated fossil, with the springs almost showing through its padding. The comedian was so carried away by the bright blue sensation he created that he forgot to return the horse to its owner, and he fears if the excited Italian turns up he can't very well convince the organ grinder that a stage hand probably folded up his horse with the rest of the scenery.

## First Woman Named On a Lunacy Board

CLARICE M. BARIGHT, attorney-at-law, puts forth the claim that she is the first woman ever appointed to serve as a member of a lunacy commission in New York State, although the distinction in some newspaper articles has been accredited to another. She points out that she has held four such appointments, the first one being made by Judge Otto A. Rosalsky on February 19, 1919, and the latest one by Judge Mulqueen in February of this year.